



JERRY BRUCKHEIMER
TELEVISION

Untitled Mark Friedman Project

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ACT ONE

EXT. INTERSTATE - MORNING

Traffic moves briskly on this highway just outside CHICAGO.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*So many people. Heading to school.
Late for work. Just singing along.
Living their lives.*

From the shoulder, a LONE DEER peers out at the cars and noise. And the woman continues to speak to us:

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*None of them sees me. They don't
even know that I'm here.*

Startled, the deer bolts from the shoulder and back towards some NEARBY WOODS. We follow.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - SAME

The woods are shallow, opening up towards an ACCESS ROAD on a flat Midwestern plain.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*I was on my way somewhere, too. I
had finally figured everything out.*

The deer is gone but we linger. More ominous, more quiet; the highway and all the life it entails seems a world away. Moving down towards a DITCH-- and ending on a LIFELESS BODY.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then this happened to me.

CUT TO:

FLASH!

as a photo is taken of her. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a BUSY CRIME SCENE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

The young woman here. On a slab in an open drawer.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*And now I'm here. In a drawer. In
the dark. Day after day I've been
waiting. Not waiting to be
saved...*

A CORONER makes some final notations on a clipboard. He slides the drawer closed, one among many.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Waiting to be found.

A small ID slot marks the outside of the cabinet. Written on it: **JANE DOE**. The Coroner shuts off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Loud and gritty and action-packed. PIMPS chained to desk chairs, inappropriate sexual banter among co-workers, somebody bleeding.

Watching and leaning against the front counter, but very much on the other side of it: ALEX DONOVAN (30s). Handsome and winning, but the passion underneath trumps all.

Having seen all of this before, and been in the middle of half of it, he watches with amusement as a biggish female DESK CLERK doesn't even look up from her paperwork.

DESK CLERK
 You miss it, Alex?

ALEX
 I miss you. Sexy.

She smirks but still doesn't look up. Alex sees DETECTIVE GRACE OLIVO (20s) walking over. She's city tough but has a soft spot for the man opposite. She hands him a file.

DET OLIVO
 "Highway Jane." Here it is.

ALEX
 Here she is. She's a person, Grace. Did I teach you nothing?

DET OLIVO
 Right. Sorry.

She's not being sarcastic, she just forgot how particular he gets over such things. He's looking through the file.

ALEX
 Five days and she's in the ground?

DET OLIVO
 Yeah. Keep in touch, all right?
 And thank you.

He offers a reassuring smile.

ALEX
 I'm late for court.

DET OLIVO
 Witness or defendant?

He walks out the door--

INT. CITY COURTROOM - (MOMENTS) LATER

Empty seats, some low-level matter. Alex stands before the weary JUDGE (female).

JUDGE
Mr. Alex Donovan. You know this
fine individual?

Seated at the defendant's table: TYLER DAVIES (early 20s), lean and raggedly handsome, guilty of something, unhappy in his only suit.

ALEX
It's personal, your honor. I mean,
it's not "it's personal" like "I
can't tell you," I mean it's not
professional. I was in Homicide
for seven years, a uniform for five
before that. I didn't know him
there. Did that make sense?

JUDGE
Eventually.

ALEX
I've known Tyler since he was--
(turns to someone)
--you were six, right?

Tyler just stares at Alex, expressionless.

ALEX (CONT'D)
First grade. At Newport Prep. My
wife, at the time, was a teacher's
aide there. We became friends with
the family, with Lars and Brenda...

JUDGE
This is fascinating.

ALEX
All I'm saying, your honor, is that
Tyler's a good kid. He completed
an alcohol abuse program--

JUDGE
Which clearly didn't take.

ALEX
True. But he has so much
potential. The artisticness is
bursting out of him.

JUDGE
Onto the overpass at State Street.
In several different colors of
spray paint.

ALEX
Exactly. Which is why we need to
find a way to channel that energy.

Alex takes a few steps towards the judge.

ALEX (CONT'D)
May I approach?

JUDGE
You are approaching.

As Alex and the Judge confer, Tyler watches with interest
from his seat...

EXT. COURTHOUSE - (MOMENTS) LATER

Alex walks out with Tyler, handing him a scrap of paper.

ALEX
She was going to have you pick up
trash on the Interstate. You know
that, don't you?

TYLER
I know.

ALEX
Be at this address at 7PM tonight.
We're a victim's rights group. We
need your help. 200 hours of it.

TYLER
Okay. Thanks. But there's just
one thing.

ALEX
Sure.

TYLER
Who the hell are you?

Tyler has never seen Alex before in his life. But Alex is
already walking away and making a call.

INT. LINDA MANNING'S HOUSE - DAY

Middle class, quiet. A BABY sleeps in a crib. LINDA MANNING
(late 30s), looks out from a window at the world. Single
minded, sharp focus, hard shell. We'll learn why.

She's looking at something in particular: an AMAZON BOX,
halfway up her front walk. She can feel herself tensing up.
If she could will it into the house, she would.

LINDA
(to herself)
It's four steps.

Finally she takes a deep breath and heads

OUTSIDE

to retrieve it, quick focused steps--

LINDA (CONT'D)
One two three four...

It's all going well, but then as she bends to grab it the WORLD GOES HAYWIRE as she wavers, sounds get loud and crazy, neighbors stare and whisper, her heart THUMPS in her chest...

She scrambles to pick it up, almost stumbling as she grabs it finally, then turns and RUNS back inside.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

She's drained. The PHONE is ringing. She rushes in to answer it, tearing open the box as she speaks.

LINDA
(into phone)
Alex-- you got it?

She jots something down on the cardboard flap, sounding commanding and unafraid, contrary to what we've just seen...

LINDA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
That works. I'll let them know.

She hangs up. Tearing off the note, leaving the box, we see what's inside: GROCERIES. She moves to her

LIVING ROOM

which is more of a great room-- couch and TV, plus a dining area, then a little work area in the corner: desktop computer, filing cabinets, an empty CORKBOARD. Some kind of home business. Or something else. She sits down at the computer and calls up an INSTANT MESSAGE WINDOW--

INT. HIGHRISE OFFICE - DOWNTOWN - DAY

A large WOMAN (40s) blows out candles on a birthday cake. Co-workers cheer and line up for a slice. We MOVE AWAY from them to show a LARGE PLAIN OFFICE: cubicles, paper pushing, soul crushing. And all the workers drawn to the party distraction, except one--

CANDACE BUTLER (20s). Dark good looks and whip-smart, she retains her quirks and sarcasm in a sea of gray, but it's a losing battle. She yawns and works on some documents; the Meaning Of Life is not herein.

An INSTANT MESSAGE goes PING on Candace's computer:

HIGHWAY JANE 7PM tonight

Candace perks up. This she cares about. She grabs her cell phone and begins typing a text message--

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

A white PHONE COMPANY VAN is parked. Up on a phone pole: hard-hatted WALTER SNELL. 40s, lumpy, working hard at something. CO-WORKERS listen to a ballgame on the radio below. They pay no attention to him.

Walter's cell phone rings-- the theme from "COPS." He reaches inside his blue coverall, the one with his name on a little white patch, this is the call he's been waiting for, his moment to shine, the day he'll prove--

He drops the phone. It hits a co-worker on the helmet.
THONK.

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler stands outside, checking that scrap of paper:

144 Mulberry Drive

He has the right place. He exhales, not happy to be there. He pulls a fifth of WHISKEY from his pocket and takes a sip.

He approaches, knocks, and Linda answers, gives him a small smile, and lets him in. She takes a paranoid glance out into the street before shutting the door behind him.

INT. LINDA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Linda pours coffee for Tyler.

LINDA

So Alex explained who we are? "The Identity Network?"

TYLER

Not really. He said you were a "victims' rights group."

LINDA

We help identify John and Jane Does. A body is found, no wallet or anything, no friends or family come forward... the police have done what they can.

TYLER

Okay...

LINDA

So "The Identity Network" is made up of volunteers across the country, connected on the Internet. We share tips, ideas, we use our own knowledge and expertise... and we're all committed to finding out who these people are.

Tyler nods. Maybe getting it. Linda starts walking towards

THE LIVING ROOM

and Tyler follows. She turns to him:

LINDA (CONT'D)
So this is it. The Midwest
Regional Headquarters of "The
Identity Network."

It's a middle class living room with a bassinet in the corner. Tyler can't hide the skepticism. Walter looks up--

WALTER
What, you were expecting "CSI?"

Before Tyler can react--

CANDACE
Just ignore him. I'm Candace.

She extends a hand and smiles. Tyler shakes. Maybe this won't be so bad.

LINDA
Tyler does facial reconstructions.
(to Tyler)
Sometimes a guy in Texas helps us
out, but it's good to finally have
one of our own.

CANDACE
You complete us, Tyler.

LINDA
He and Alex go way back.

She gives Tyler a wry smile. But before he can respond, Walter walks over. He's wearing his blue coverall from work.

WALTER
(to Tyler)
What happened to your face?

TYLER
Excuse me?

Walter gives Tyler a long hard look.

WALTER
That bruise. On your cheek. It
tells me ten different things about
you. Maybe ten things you don't
want me to know.

TYLER
It's paint. I'm an artist.

WALTER
Oh.

Alex hurries into the room, carrying a file box. And PIZZA.

ALEX
 "Highway Jane." Murdered.
 Interstate 88, the Westside Road
 exit. Behind it there's an access
 road, Diehl Lane. No ID on the
 body, no DNA match in the
 databases.
 (takes a breath)
 Hello everyone.

Alex hands some photocopies to Linda as everyone assembles around the dining table. She begins passing them out as Alex wheels in the CORKBOARD that was in a corner.

Alex tacks a GOOGLE MAP to the corkboard at one corner, and a MONTHLY CALENDAR to the other.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 She was found here...
 (circles a date)
 And now we're here...
 (2 weeks later)
 And we have until here.

Five days from now. Tyler leans over to Candace.

TYLER
 What happens then?

CANDACE
 They bury her. Unmarked grave in
 Potter's Field. Everyone forgets
 about her.

ALEX
 (to Tyler)
 And a murderer goes free.
 (to group)
 Here's our girl--

He thumbtacks some CRIME SCENE PHOTOS to the board.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 White. Dyed black hair. Five foot
 seven. Approximate weight 110
 pounds. Approximate age 18-22.

Photos aren't pretty; the team reacts.

WALTER
 Whoa. That's a lot of decomp.

ALEX
 Which is why I've recruited our
 face friend here. Highway Jane was
 in the ditch at least a week.
 Animals probably got to her.
 Cause of death was strangulation.

CANDACE
That's a crime of passion.

WALTER
Like Jennifer Levin. Central Park,
1986.

ALEX
Remember it's about her story.
Because without who "is" it--

CANDACE
There's no who "done" it. We know.

Alex smiles. They're well trained.

ALEX
Okay. Here's what we've got: black
nail polish--

Linda is up at the corkboard. She's writing on an index
card: **NAIL POLISH.**

CANDACE
Goth chick?

ALEX
Maybe.
(next)
Clothes--

Linda shrugs as Candace gets out her computer and powers up,
Linda tacks up another index card: **CLOTHES.**

LINDA
Jeans and shoes look pretty
regular. But this blouse--

WALTER
So the card should say "blouse."
Alex always says to be specific.

ALEX
I'm standing right here, Walter.
(smiling)
He's right. Chassoni. Expensive.

LINDA
A fancy blouse with black nails?

ALEX
Police checked the boutiques--

CANDACE
What about thrift stores? She's
not rich. Rich girls have someone
looking for them.

ALEX
 Good idea. Can you get a clean
 photo of the blouse somewhere,
 something we can show around?

Candace nods. Linda rips up the **CLOTHES** card and writes
BLOUSE. Alex keeps going--

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Tattoo, on her ankle--

Alex tacks up the photo-- it looks like a bunch of SQUIGGLY
 LINES. Linda gives it a **TATTOO** card.

WALTER
 (looks at photo)
 Of what?

LINDA
 Looks like a foreign alphabet.

CANDACE
 Maybe it's a tag. Like a human
 trafficking thing.

ALEX
 We'll need some help from the
 Network.

LINDA
 I'll highlight it when I set up the
 web page.

ALEX
 Great. And last but not least--
 this was found in her back pocket.

Alex puts up a photocopy of a crumpled SCRAP of paper.
 Handwritten on it: "747 - 50"

CANDACE
 It's a math problem.

WALTER
 Phone digits.

LINDA
 A flight number.

Alex looks at it too. Unsure. Linda makes a card that says
NOTE. Meanwhile Walter writes his own index card and puts it
 on the corkboard. It says **ID-COC**.

CANDACE
 Id-Cock?

WALTER
 "ID Community Outreach
 Coordinator." That is me.
 (MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)
In charge of flyer production and
distribution.

Everyone ponders this in silence.

ALEX
Of course. We just didn't
recognize the... evocative
abbreviation.

Then Candace realizes--

CANDACE
Hey. Where'd Face Boy go?

Tyler is gone. They hear the front door CLOSE. Alex hurries
out after him.

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyler walking away. Alex behind.

ALEX
Hey. It might help if you took a
copy of the pictures from the
morgue. Unless you have one of
those photographic memory thingys--

Tyler keeps walking.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You know we identified 17 victims
last year. And we helped catch the
killers a dozen times. We're good
at this. And with you we'll be
even better.

Still nothing.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I took a chance with you, all
right? I've been tracking every
quote-unquote "artist" who gets
busted for the past six months.
And you're the jackpot. You took
all those forensic classes--

Finally Tyler stops and turns around.

TYLER
So? It's all been practice. I've
never done one of these for real.
I'm not an expert.

ALEX
(gestures towards house)
Did they look like experts? It's
not a requirement.

TYLER

The guy in the blue onesie seemed pretty sure of himself.

ALEX

There might be people somewhere looking for Highway Jane. But they're not looking for black nails. They're looking for her face. We need you.

TYLER

I can't do it. I'm calling probation tomorrow. I can't sculpt a dead girl. It's too weird.

ALEX

You need to really think about what's going to happen five days from now. Okay? Some low level guy is gonna pull her out of that drawer, mangled face and all, and he's gonna bury her in an unmarked field, with an unmarked grave, and she's gonna be Jane Doe forever. We need to make sure that doesn't happen. We need to get her story out there.

TYLER

I know that but--

ALEX

And it's not just for her, man. It's for her parents. Maybe a sister or brother. Right now they've lost track of her. Maybe it's been months or years since they've heard her voice. And they go to sleep every night wondering where she is. And what happened.

TYLER

But what's the point? Telling them she's dead is gonna fix that?

ALEX

It's knowledge. And then we can try to get justice.

TYLER

It's still grief. And pain. It's just a different kind.

Alex takes a step towards him. Choosing his words carefully.

ALEX

Three years ago my daughter Lucy was kidnapped. My only child. 11 years old. Lincoln Park Zoo, on a Tuesday afternoon.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 They never found out who did it.
 And they've never found her. Is
 she dead? Maybe. Probably. But I
 don't know. And I may never know.

Tyler softens a bit. Alex hands him an ENVELOPE.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 So you're right. There's grief and
 pain all around. But when you
 know, you can heal. It matters.
 Trust me.

Alex heads back in. Leaving Tyler there to think about it.

INT. TYLER'S LOFT - NIGHT

Sparsely furnished, Tyler home, having a drink. He types in
 a web address:

www.idnetwork.org

He sees the homepage for "THE IDENTITY NETWORK." It's easy
 to navigate, but homey and not high tech. In a word:
 amateur. There's a US map with different regions... listings
 of **HOT CASES...** a button to **REPORT A TIP...**

Tyler goes to the Highway Jane page, which is now up: the
 information, the headings, recapping what we know:

HOT CASE MW-209
UNIDENTIFIED WHITE FEMALE
VITAL STATISTICS
ESTIMATED HEIGHT AND WEIGHT
CLOTHING

and then the empty square where it says **PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE.**

Tyler packs up some of his paints and works in progress,
 clears a table, loads up a paint-splattered CD player, and
 grabs a beer from a fridge that holds little else.

He opens the ENVELOPE that Alex gave him: photos from the
 morgue, close-ups, measurements. Then he gets to work--

-- pouring RESIN into a cast, then removing it to reveal the
 basic shape of a CRANIUM;

-- attaching the CRANIUM to the lower part of a separate
 skull cast...

Tyler consults the photos and measurements. Then he begins
 cutting small RUBBER PEGS into distinct lengths and numbering
 them with a fine black pen.

He installs two EYEBALLS into the dried skull... painting
 them brown... shining a flashlight into each to align them...

We pull away, seeing Tyler's focus and skill, yet knowing
 he'll be at this long into the night.

INT. LINDA'S HOUSE - (NEXT) MORNING

Alex follows Linda back into the living room. Tyler, Candace, and Walter are standing there, in a small circle...

They step aside, and on the dining room table we see the back of a YOUNG WOMAN'S head. As Alex comes around the front, the group parts slightly so Alex can see--

The FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION of Highway Jane: black hair, brown eyes, expressionless but impeccable. And THE VOICE OF OUR VICTIM RETURNS:

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*So there I was. With a name that
 isn't "Jane." With a family that's
 waiting. And I don't want them
 waiting anymore.*

Alex gives Tyler a look of thanks. But it's the face that draws him. And gives all of them pause, and focus.

ALEX
 This is her. This is our girl.
 Her story starts here.

Linda moves forward, puts her hand lightly on Alex's arm.

LINDA
 She's not your daughter, Alex.

He turns to her. He looks okay with it. Or as okay with it as someone could be.

ALEX
 I know. But she's somebody's
 daughter.

TYLER
 So what do we do now?

ALEX
 We get to work.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HIGHWAY EMBANKMENT - DAY

The scene of the crime: highway and woods in the near distance. There's a slight ditch alongside the access road where the body was dumped. We GLIDE ABOVE it from the tree tops, as if Highway Jane were looking down on her saviors.

WALTER
There's nothing here, Alex.

ALEX
She died here. I needed to see it.

As he studies the dead leaves on the ground, light snow drifting around them--

FLASH TO:

"DOE MOMENT"

which is a way for us to grab a quick glimpse of our victim when she was alive, as Alex and the others follow her path and trace her footprints in the world--

A man's hands around JANE DOE's neck. She tries to scream. She can't. She falls to the floor. Life leaves her body. Eyes go dark.

RESUME:

EXT. HIGHWAY EMBANKMENT - DAY

Walter watches as Alex stares at one spot.

ALEX
We look backwards and fill in the rest. In four days. No problem.

Alex looks up and gives him a small smile, knowing the enormity of the task. He starts walking back to his car, next to Walter's white van.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Candace is going to work on the nail polish. Maybe narrow down to a specific shade, or find the people who sold it to her if she's lucky. I'm gonna track down the blouse, maybe our girl was a regular at one of the thrift shops, made some friends behind the counter.

Walter is wearing his coverall. He walks behind. Alex points across the plain:

ALEX (CONT'D)
And you're heading there, right?

There's an OLD GAS STATION, down the access road maybe a quarter of a mile away. And a quick 360 shows no other businesses or homes.

WALTER
Yeah. I mean, if that's okay--

ALEX
It's more than "okay" it's important. It's the only place out here. Work your magic, W.

WALTER
Please don't call me that.

Alex smiles and drives away, leaving him there. Walter looks at the crime scene briefly... then back to the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - ACCESS ROAD OFF INTERSTATE - DAY

A closer look. A few customers, a small shop. No carwashes or sub shops attached. Walter drives in and parks.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Walter climbs over the front seat and into the back. He unzips the coverall-- and is fully clothed underneath in slacks, short sleeve dress shirt, and tie. The full Sipowicz, ready for action.

INT. ACCESS ROAD GAS STATION - CASHIER AREA - (MOMENTS) LATER

The bell CHIMES as Walter enters. The CASHIER (20s) looks up briefly: dark hair, ponytail, not friendly.

WALTER
Hey there. Cold out. Chilly.

Cashier nods but doesn't say anything. Walter pretends to look at items on the counter, fingering a keychain.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Business pretty slow, huh?

CASHIER
The porn's over there.

WALTER
No, no-- I was wondering if I could ask you something. I don't know if you're aware of this, but there was a murder a couple of weeks ago, over there across the road.

Walter gestures out the window, towards the highway and woods in the near distance, a slight ditch alongside the access road where the body was dumped.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 And I was hoping we could leave
 some flyers here, for the
 customers.

He puts a stack on the counter. We catch a glimpse: they say
DO YOU KNOW HER? and there's pictures of the facial
 reconstruction, the tattoo, the note. Cashier pushes them
 away.

CASHIER
 No. That's against store policy.

Walter seems surprised. But he's ready with a comeback.

WALTER
 Really? Well your policy is
 against my policy.

CASHIER
 Get them out of here.

Cashier seems pretty serious. Walter nods, picks them up,
 but he isn't done yet.

WALTER
 This is the closest gas station
 around. It's the only gas station
 around. You were here that night,
 right? By yourself?

CASHIER
 So what?

WALTER
 So maybe you saw something. Or
 maybe... you did something.

CASHIER
 I already talked to the police.
 And unless you've got some kind of
 badge, we're done talking.

Walter's done. He's leaving. But as he's walking out he
 quickly turns back-- and SNAPS a PHOTO.

WALTER
 I'm watching you.

CASHIER
 Rock on, Shaggy.

Walter exits. Cashier returns to a magazine.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Walter is pumped. He looks at the photo.

WALTER
 "Maybe you did something." That
 was good.

He looks beyond the bright lights of the station, towards the crime scene, holding up one of the flyers and looking at her face as it flaps in the breeze and we:

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

We follow Candace through the store at a high angle as she ends up browsing at the cosmetic counter. The place is luxe and the CLERKS look down at her if they look at all. And THE VOICE OF OUR VICTIM returns:

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*I was always a ruby and peach kind
 of girl. Bright red, soft pink.
 Nothing in between.*

Candace realizes what she's looking for isn't here. She exits.

INT. "TEEN TEES" MALL STORE - DAY

Like that HOT TOPIC store: black velvet posters, goofy gifts, jailbait fashion. Candace shows the flyer to the SALES CLERK, but she doesn't recognize the picture.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*But that was the old me. The new
 me wanted it dark and different.*

Candace buys several different black nail polishes.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It's amazing how just a little
 thing -- the color of your nails --
 can change not just how you see the
 world... but how you see yourself.*

As Candace waits to pay for them, she notices several different HANDOUTS next to the register. Advertisements for CLUBS, CONCERTS, etc. One in particular has striking, snazzy graphics: "SILVERTONGUE." She grabs all of them and we:

CUT TO:

"DOE MOMENT"

*and this time we get a tight close-up of Highway Jane's
 nails, and then her hands... perhaps a hint of her forearm...
 tantalizing glimpses of a moment she lived... slow motion,
 sound muted... a dream we can't fully remember...*

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*So all I can say is-- paint it
 black, baby.*

(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I didn't do it to match my mood. I
 did it to give me one.*

*And she paints her nails, blows them dry, assesses them in
 the light... holding them up to a face we still can't see...*

RESUME:

INT. CANDACE'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Candace back at her cubicle. She has just finished painting her nails black. She looks at them, kind of digging it--

Co-workers MONICA and MEL (20s) watch from another cubicle.

MONICA
 What a freak.

Candace has had enough. She stands up and smiles sweetly.

CANDACE
 Hey Monica, Melanie. It's so
 totally weird. There's like, ten
 different kinds of black nail
 polish. Did you know that?

They're a little put off, office cowards smiling awkwardly. Candace shows them all ten fingers.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
 Anyway, I'm not sure which I like
 best... but I'm leaning towards
 these two.

She curls up her hands-- only middle fingers now extended. Monica and Mel are shocked, faces filled with OMG. Candace sits back down, loving it. Maybe the nails have done something to her mood, too.

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - (THAT) NIGHT

CLOSE on some new cards: **USHER/AUGUSTA, PSYCHIC/DETROIT...** Candace writes the second one and pins it to the board. Everyone present. Empty pizza boxes, coffee cups... Walter peers at Linda's computer screen.

WALTER
 Ten new "forwards" already?

Tyler looks at Candace, confused.

CANDACE
 It's a person who comes "forward"
 with a tip.

TYLER
 Ah.

Tyler sits down on the couch and it SQUEAKS. He looks underneath: he sat on a baby toy.

LINDA
 Actually 12 now. The flyers and
 the email blast really helped.

Tyler tosses the toy to Linda, who is printing pages, hands them to Candace, who reads the pages and shakes her head but makes a new card anyway-- **DRAG QUEEN/HOUSTON.**

CANDACE
 Some better than others.

It joins the rest under a new heading on the corkboard: "**FORWARDS.**" Meanwhile Alex is attaching a business card and photos from the thrift shop to the corkboard under **BLOUSE.** The first of many fragments of her life, a collage that has begun to come together.

ALEX
 The blouse was purchased at
 Sunshine Thrift, on Ashland Avenue.
 Record of the sale but no record of
 the buyer.

CANDACE
 West Loop, right? The University's
 near there. Was she a student?

LINDA
 I don't think any of the local
 colleges reported anyone missing.
 But I'll double check that.

Another heading now says **MISSING CROSS-CHECK** and has a list of states and a STATE MAP. Linda has several windows open on her computer monitor and a couple of three-ring binders open on her desk-- all featuring **FACES OF YOUNG WOMEN.**

CANDACE
 (to Alex)
 Anything on the tattoo from
 Detective Olivo?

ALEX
 She says there's nothing from the
 federal or international databases,
 so it's nothing with organized
 crime or trafficking.

LINDA
 I got an email from a new member,
 this professor of Near Eastern
 studies at UCLA. He thinks it's
 the Arabic word for "thunder."

ALEX
 "Thunder?" That's an interesting
 choice for a teenage girl.

WALTER
 Maybe she was dating an Arab guy.
 Part of a sleeper cell.

TYLER
Or studying to be a meteorologist.

Alex smiles, appreciating Tyler's humor-- but he is also looking at a photo on the cork board-- the gas station attendant.

ALEX
Who's that guy?

WALTER
The gas station clerk. I'm watching him.

Alex considers this and is tempted to comment... then just shrugs and accepts it.

CANDACE
I couldn't really narrow down the nail polish--

TYLER
There's more than one black?

CANDACE
Apparently. But I did pick up these.

She shows them the flyers from the mall store.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
If she gets her nail polish there, maybe she gets her social life there, too.

ALEX
Good. We've got less than four days, people. Remember-- she's still Highway Jane because it isn't obvious. If this were easy she'd be home already.
(to Candace and Tyler)
You guys want to handle it? You look like the nightclubbing types.

TYLER
I went to Catholic school.

CANDACE
We'll go.

ALEX
Great. Check in later. And be careful. Her story's out there but so is the person who ended it.

They nod and get up to head out. Meanwhile Walter is also putting on his coat.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Uh Walter? Most social establishments have a "no jumpsuit" policy.

WALTER
 I'm not going with them. I have to go to work.

ALEX
 Oh. Okay.

Walter gets defensive (for no reason).

WALTER
 I'm sorry, all right? But they don't let people at the phone company take their pension at 40.

Linda looks at the clock.

LINDA
 I thought you were supposed to be there two hours ago.

WALTER
 (irritated)
 We can only provide a window, Linda.

Walter leaves. Alex and Linda exchange a look.

INT. CLUB SILVERTONGUE - NIGHT

Dark and crowded, we hear more than we see: a METAL BAND plays on stage, the music is LOUD and AGGRESSIVE, bodies mashed together, corners and shadows where we don't want to linger...

Candace and Tyler climb to a BALCONY, jostling as they go. Tyler looks particularly unimpressed with the crowd.

CANDACE
 This one's even more crowded. Who are these people?

TYLER
 Please tell me we're out of flyers.

They reach the balcony where there's another BAR crammed with people, they look down at the crowd and take it in as we:

FLASH TO:

"DOE MOMENT"

As in the crowd we see a snippet of Highway Jane dancing... slow-motion, almost dreamlike... another one of her footprints in the world...

RESUME:

INT. CLUB SILVERTONGUE - CONTINUOUS

Candace takes a picture of the downstairs with her phone. Then she pulls a stack of flyers from her bag, handing a bunch to Tyler and starting to work the crowd:

CANDACE
Hey do you know this girl? No?

But Tyler's still at the railing-- and ONE GUY is looking right back up at him... he's got a SHAVED HEAD, skull tattoo, flesh tunnels on both ears-- but his cold eyes are the most frightening thing of all.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
Tyler!

Candace grabs his arm and he turns suddenly-- but she's not in any danger, she just wants him to get to work. Tyler nods, taking some of the flyers-- when he turns back to look down below for Shaved Head, he's gone.

Tyler's puzzled, but Candace has already pushed him forward into the crowd at the bar as she's handed a flyer to a YOUNG DRUNK GUY:

YOUNG DRUNK GUY
That's awesome! You're really talented!

People pushing, it's difficult to hear (or be heard) over the music-- behind them they don't notice as Shaved Head has climbed the stairs and spotted them--

TYLER
Have you seen her before?

YOUNG DRUNK GUY
Her eyes are haunting, man! It's like the despair of a generation!

CANDACE
(yelling)
Do you know her?!?!

He nods and shakes his head and smiles, bobbing, huh? Candace and Tyler look at each other-- and then Shaved Head grabs Tyler roughly from behind--

TYLER
Hey--

SHAVED HEAD
You cops?

CANDACE
No. We're just looking for anyone
who knows this girl--

She holds up a flyer, and he grabs it and crumples it.

SHAVED HEAD
You don't belong here. Get out.

Tyler puts his hands up in surrender, but Shaved Head is still herding them towards the stairs.

Busy with Tyler, he doesn't notice as Candace leans behind and stashes a bunch of flyers on the edge of the bar...

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Alex and Linda are comparing a MISSING PERSON PHOTO to the sculpture of the head, which is on the coffee table.

ALEX
Nope.

LINDA
That's the last one.

Alex gets up and wanders into the kitchen. Meanwhile Linda goes to the corkboard and crosses off **OHIO** and colors it in on a US map, then moves up a card that says **IOWA...**

Alex walks back in. He's chugging something into his mouth. Linda reacts, replacing one binder off the shelf and grabbing another.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Please tell me that's not baby
food.

ALEX
It tastes like chicken.

LINDA
It is chicken.

He looks at the jar.

ALEX
Cool.

Suddenly there's a CRACK CRACK CRACK noise out front. Alex turns to Linda as they both look up.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What was that?

Alex heads out--

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex outside as CRACK a final EGG hits against the front of the house.

ALEX
Hey!

A couple of teenagers hop into a car, Alex hurries down to the sidewalk as the car SCREECHES and pulls away.

Alex watches them go. He looks across the street, where an ELDERLY NEIGHBOR watches from behind a curtain. As Alex gives him a "what's up?" look, the curtain closes.

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex storms back in.

ALEX
If I were still a cop--

LINDA
Don't.

Linda is unperturbed, she has gone back to the binders, sorting out the relevant pages...

ALEX
Screw it. I'm calling it in.

She turns to him, much more insistent.

LINDA
Don't.

ALEX
You can't live like this. You're husband is the criminal. He's the murderer.

LINDA
And to them I'm the one who didn't do anything to stop him.

She points outside: the street, the world.

ALEX
What could you have done? You didn't know anything about it, Linda. You didn't do anything wrong!

LINDA
(re corkboard)
She needs us. We're wasting time.

She's tough. And as determined for her own reasons.

ALEX
I should stay--

LINDA
No. Go home and get some rest.

She smiles at him faintly.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

It's friendship, and support, but there's limits to it all.
Alex nods. Grabs his coat.

INT. SILVERTONGUE NIGHTCLUB - (LATER THAT) NIGHT

Still going strong, upstairs at the bar those flyers Candace left have spilled onto the floor.

But a few are left on the counter, and a girl named JESSICA leans over and a wet one sticks to her arm, she laughs as she talks with her FRIENDS and peels it off... but then she sees the picture on it and her face changes...

She makes sure no one's looking... then folds it up and puts it in her pocket.

EXT. SILVERTONGUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Candace and Tyler hand out a few flyers to CLUBBERS waiting in line-- a GIRL shakes her head, a GUY crumples it up and tosses it aside.

Shaved Head comes out on the front step-- glares at them. Tyler turns back to Candace. Not worried, just worn out.

TYLER
Maybe we should call it a night.

But Candace is undaunted.

CANDACE
Wuss. It's not even four yet.

As they walk the line she hands out a couple more flyers, attaches another to a telephone pole. Tyler watches.

TYLER
So what's your deal? You're into this for a reason, right? I mean, Alex has the thing with his daughter... did you lose someone? Or something?

CANDACE
Just my mind in a day job I hate.

Tyler laughs. But Candace is serious. She holds up a flyer.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
 She has no one. Think about it--
 what's the first thing that happens
 when you're brought into the world?

TYLER
 You get a name.

CANDACE
 So you should have it when you
 leave.

She says it with authority-- it's the simple law that
 justifies all her work.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
 I always think, "what if that were
 me?" I'd want someone to care
 about me. I'd want the world to
 remember I was here. That I did
 things. That I affected people.

She gets emotional, a hint of vulnerability we haven't seen.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
 Does that make any sense?

TYLER
 Yeah. But it feels weird to care
 about someone I don't even know.

CANDACE
 She's a human being. You know her.

Tyler nods. Willing to concede the point.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
 And next thing you know you're
 spending all of your time at
 Mulberry Drive.

A young woman walks by and jostles Candace-- it's Jessica
 from inside.

JESSICA
 Her name's Vivian.

She keeps her head down. Speaks nervously.

CANDACE
 Excuse me?

JESSICA
 Her name's Vivian. We can't talk
 here.

TYLER
 You know her?

JESSICA
Yeah. But so does he.

She makes eyes behind her, to her right, where Shaved Head is watching, he starts towards them and they walk quickly away--

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A few blocks from the club, ducking off the main drag, music still audible. Tyler and Candace stand across from Jessica.

JESSICA

We used to see her out, weekends mostly late but every once in a while for a show on weekdays.

Candace looks up. Alex spots them from the head of the alley, and walks over to join them.

CANDACE

Jessica, this is Alex, I was telling you about him...

Alex extends a hand and smiles.

ALEX

Hey Jessica. Thanks for talking to us.

JESSICA

And you guys are totally not police, right?

ALEX

Not police. Well I used to be. Before I came to my senses.

A little joke to put her at ease.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So you said her name was Vivian. But you don't know her last name?

JESSICA

Yeah, I mean we weren't friends like that. We were club friends. I saw her out, she saw me, it was like "hey Vivian."

ALEX

So you don't have a picture of her. On your phone or anything.

JESSICA

Nah.

Alex pulls out a small folded sheet of paper from his wallet.

ALEX

And does this mean anything to you?

It's a copy of the note: 747 - 50. Jessica shakes her head. She looks anxiously back towards the street.

ALEX (CONT'D)
It's okay. I saw him go back inside.

Jessica nods, relieved.

ALEX (CONT'D)
He's just a bouncer, right?

JESSICA
Yeah. But half the fights in there are ones he starts. His name's Quint.

Alex writes it down.

ALEX
Were they dating?

JESSICA
Quint dates a lot of girls. He likes it rough. Even if the girls don't.

Tyler shows her a close up photo of the tattoo.

TYLER
She had this tattoo on her ankle.

Jessica looks at it, smiling in some fond memory.

JESSICA
I know. So cool... I asked her about it.

CANDACE
And what'd she say?

JESSICA
She said it was a long story. It was three years old, from just before she moved here.

ALEX
Moved here from where?

Jessica shrugs. Alex is frustrated but not angry with her.

EXT. STREET - (MOMENTS) LATER

Back out from the alley, they're saying goodbyes. Alex a few steps behind, on his cell phone--

ALEX
(into phone)
His name's Quint.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 He's a bouncer at The Silvertongue
 Nightclub. Bad news, I think.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DOWNTOWN

Olivo at her desk, jotting it down.

DET OLIVO
 (into phone)
 Okay. I'll take a look.

RESUME:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alex rejoins the group, turns to Jessica--

ALEX
 One last thing. At the end of the
 night, how did she get home? She
 take the train?

JESSICA
 I think so.

ALEX
 That way, or that way?

He points both ways. She's not sure why it matters--

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Close your eyes, Jessica. Picture
 yourself. The two of you, walking
 out of here, "okay! Goodbye!" And
 then--

She closes her eyes, thinks about it--

JESSICA
 That way.

She points left. Alex smiles at her in thanks.

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - (NEXT) MORNING

A small yard. Linda pushes her baby in the stroller from one
 end to the other. It's tiny and the laps are small; it's
 like being in a prison courtyard.

ALEX
 Our girl liked the clubs. Darker
 stuff. She's been in the city a
 little less than three years.

LINDA
 So a runaway from somewhere?

ALEX
Possibly. And she was sleeping
with this guy, this bouncer dude.
He might have knocked her around,
according to this Jessica person.

The back door of the next house opens. Linda looks up with alarm, and before the NEIGHBOR can emerge she quickly grabs her baby daughter from the stroller and hurries back inside. Alex watches, dumbfounded, then follows her in.

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda walks in from the back door, Alex behind.

ALEX
You okay?

She nods. Candace is at the corkboard, adding photos from the club-- plus photos of the bouncer and Jessica. Walter looks up at it.

WALTER
So crime of passion. It all makes
sense. You've got the boyfriend--

CANDACE
I don't know that I'd call him
"boyfriend." According to Jessica
it may have been more like "creep
with benefits."

Alex joins her, adding: another map, a card that says **VIVIAN** and then has a blank line after it for the last name. The board has really filled up.

ALEX
Whatever. Olivo's running his
priors. Maybe we'll get a hit.

Tyler pours coffee for Candace. Alex looks up at the corkboard: that **TATTOO** card and accompanying photo are alone and forlorn; so is the **NOTE** from her pocket.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Tattoo and note are looking pretty
lonely.

WALTER
Note's gonna take a miracle.

TYLER
I thought the tat was Arabic for
thunder.

LINDA
(shakes head)
I posted the UCLA guy's tip. Four
other people emailed today to say
the loop is wrong. Or something.

ALEX
So she's not a meteorologist.

Linda finishes printing out a COLORED MAP. Hands it to Alex-- he attaches it to the corkboard. It's a COLORED RAIL MAP for the CTA - Chicago Transit Authority.

ALEX (CONT'D)
There's two CTA lines off Kedzie, near the club. Green is north. Blue is south.

LINDA
And Jessica said--

ALEX
Our girl walked South. To the blue line. Which means--

He points to the map.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Highway Jane had a wild side but she wasn't stupid. When you can walk to either train, you choose the one that takes you straight home, right?

He points to a broad area slightly north of downtown.

TYLER
West Loop. Near the thrift store where she bought the blouse.

ALEX
Yup. Which means our girl slept there. She woke up there. She bought... cereal there.

LINDA
And maybe she worked around there--

ALEX
Yes! You don't just wander through the world without leaving tracks! She was here! We've only got three days but we're close! Let's find her!

Alex SMACKS the corkboard map of her neighborhood. He's fired up. And that gets them fired up.

ALEX (CONT'D)
We're gonna expand the radius. Use the Division El stop at the center and go from there. Walter--

WALTER
I'm on my way.

Walter heads out.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Homey but worn (sort of like Walter). He unlocks the door and enters, moving with a purpose.

But then he stops and takes it in: his son WALTER JUNIOR (10) playing a violent video game in the living room. Nut cutting wife ARIANNA (40s) cooking something nasty in the kitchen. This is his life. He walks past them both into a

SUNPORCH

which has been modified and transformed into Walter's "MYSTERY STUDY."

Walls overflowing with books and binders, hundreds of mystery novels, crime encyclopedias, DVD box sets. A signed headshot of PATRICIA CORNWELL; a photo of Walter and DENNIS FRANZ on some golf course (possibly photoshopped).

This is his haven; these people -- real or otherwise -- his inspiration. As Arianna finally looks up he closes the sliding door and that world disappears.

WALTER

Expand the radius... find her haunts...

He calls up GOOGLE EARTH and types in the address of the thrift store and the DIVISION El stop. It shows up visually and then he works outward from there, the train station visible as the epicenter. There's names/addresses of the nearest drug stores, gyms, dry cleaners...

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

There's a new heading on the corkboard: **HAUNTS**. Linda is printing them out as Walter sends them, adding lists and maps and check-off boxes...

LINDA

Come on... someone send her home...

She finishes an email, sends it on to Candace--

EXT. DIVISION STATION - DAY

Located adjacent to a commercial strip that runs through West Loop: more Mom and Pop than yuppie. Tyler and Alex divide up a stack of flyers as Candace checks her cell phone, feeding maps and data directly into a **HAUNTS** file. And as they head down the street we:

CUT TO:

"DOE MOMENT"

As we see Highway Jane from behind, window-shopping down Ashland Avenue... black cropped hair blowing in the breeze. Alex and the group are in the right place. They're on her trail...

RESUME:

INT. "UNIVERSITY FITNESS" - DAY

Tyler chats with the FRONT DESK CLERK, showing him the new flyer, the clerk shaking his head. Tyler CHECKS OFF another business on his own **HAUNTS** phone file. It's all coordinated.

INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

Candace chats with a group of CASHIERS, showing them the flyer.

CANDACE

Any of you guys remember her?

No response. Candace shows them a bottle of black nail polish, trying to make friends.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

She might have bought this. You don't sell a lot of it, do you? You probably thought to yourself, "wow that stuff's really ugly, but whatever."

Still nothing from the clerks. Candace a bit frustrated. Then one in the back pipes up:

CLERK

Oh yeah. I seen her. She was in here like a month ago. She was in here a bunch of times.
(to other clerks)
Remember? Paid with all those coins and ones?

CANDACE

Small bills?

Candace nods and thinks about this... looking out the window at a CAFE across the street...

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Alex steps off the main drag and puts a few flyers under the front mats along a group of ROWHOUSES. His phone rings. CANDACE calling. He answers it--

INT. CAFE HELENE - DAY

A sandwich/coffee shop in the neighborhood. Alex and Candace are there with the MANAGER. Good-looking, mid 20s. She's given him a flyer.

CANDACE
They said she paid with coins and small bills. So I figured she was using tip money--

She points across the street where the DRUGSTORE is. Alex smiles at her-- impressed. They turn to the manager.

ALEX
So?

MANAGER
It's her. She quit three weeks ago. Something happened. Someone came in, she got really upset.

ALEX
A guy?

MANAGER
No. A woman.

CANDACE
This woman?

She holds up a photo of Jessica.

MANAGER
No. Older. Maybe 40. Brown curly hair. With her husband and a little boy.

Alex nods. It gets even more complicated. And now he waits for the rest...

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Simmons. Her name is Vivian Simmons.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY (INTERCUT)

Detective Olivo walks through the busy office.

DET OLIVO
(on phone)
"Simmons?" Alex are you sure?

She stops, grabs a pen from a COLLEAGUE, jots it down.

INT. CAFE HELENE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY (INTERCUT)

Alex on the phone--

ALEX
 (on phone)
 I'm sure. The manager gave her
 address, it's six blocks away on
 Hennessey. We're gonna go knock on
 the door, maybe there's a roommate.
 Get started on the permanent
 address.

He hangs up. The manager going through some folders, finds
 the right one and hands it to Alex--

INT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY (INTERCUT)

Olivo standing there with a dead phone. A little put off.

DET OLIVO
 (to herself)
 Yes sir...

Behind her, another COP is bringing in Quint (the bouncer)
 for questioning. Not pleased. The Cop looks to Olivo, who
 gestures where she wants him.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator opens-- Alex emerges, Tyler in tow. The
 building is modest, not fancy. Alex knocks on the door. No
 answer at the door.

ALEX
 Let's try the neighbors.

They knock on another door. One side, then the other-- a
 DOOR finally opens and a YOUNG GUY leans out. Glasses,
 khakis, clean cut and normal. His name is CLAY.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Hey. Did you know the girl who
 lived here?

He points to Vivian's door.

CLAY
 Vivian? Sure.

ALEX
 She lived by herself?

CLAY
 I think so. Pretty sure, yeah. I
 haven't seen her in a while. I
 thought she'd moved somewhere else.

ALEX
 Any idea where?

CLAY
No.

ALEX
You were friends?

CLAY
I guess. I mean, we were.
(laughs)
Strange girl.

ALEX
What do you mean?

CLAY
She moved in, like, a year ago?
I'd see her once in a while, here
or at Cafe Helene when I was
studying. We'd say hello, no big
deal. And then about six months
ago...

He stops, not sure how to describe it.

TYLER
Six months ago? What happened?

CLAY
Her hair. Her clothes. Everything
changed. It all went... dark.

ALEX
So she wasn't always like that?

CLAY
Not at all. It was like the sun
went down. I saw her in the mail
room-- whoa. I didn't even
recognize her. Overnight she was
somebody else.

TYLER
Any idea why?

ALEX
Any guys hang around? Maybe a big
guy, shaved head?

Clay shakes his head, stumped. Before Alex can press him,
his phone RINGS.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Excuse me.
(into phone)
Yeah?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - GARAGE - DAY

Olivo walking through the garage, heading to a sedan.

DET OLIVO
 (into phone)
 Vivian Simmons. 22 years old.
 Home address is up in Evanston.
 I'll meet you there in an hour.

RESUME:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Alex hangs up. Turns back to Clay.

ALEX
 We have to go. What's your name?

CLAY
 Clay. Is Vivian all right?

ALEX
 Not exactly. Thanks for your time,
 Clay.

They hurry towards the elevator. Clay watches them go, shrugs, and heads back into his apartment.

EXT. TREE LINED STREET - EVANSTON - DUSK

Stately homes. Alex pulls up and parks. Gets out and we see Olivo has arrived in a sedan. They approach the front door.

EXT. SIMMONS HOUSE - DUSK

Alex rings the doorbell, Olivo standing beside him. A MAN (50s) in a suit answers.

DET OLIVO
 Is this the Simmons residence?

MAN
 Yes.

DET OLIVO
 I'm Detective Grace Olivo, Chicago Police. This is Alex Donovan.

ALEX
 I'm with a group called "The Identity Network."

MAN
 What's this about?

ALEX
 Sir, do you by any chance have a daughter named Vivian?

MAN
Yes.

ALEX
Sir I'm--

MAN
(into house)
Vivian? Can you come here for a
minute?

Olivo reacts--

DET OLIVO
Uh, Alex?

ALEX
(under his breath)
Dammit...

The man pulls the door open and a YOUNG WOMAN walks over.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm Vivian Simmons. Can I help
you?

She has dark hair, and dark nails... and is very much alive.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - (NEXT) MORNING

Status meeting. The corkboard is almost full, but it feels like a fraud. They seem blindsided by what has happened.

ALEX

So the real Vivian Simmons had her purse stolen at the Art Institute almost three years ago.

LINDA

Highway Jane must have done it. She took her identity.

Walter attaches a photo of the "real" Vivian to the corkboard, taken from the front of her Evanston house.

CANDACE

Highway Jane became this girl. She didn't want to be found.

TYLER

I know the feeling.

ALEX

So where are we?

WALTER

Back to calling her "Highway Jane" for one thing.

Walter pulls down some credit card receipts, then crosses out Vivian's name on the card, then grabs and crumples it.

ALEX

No.

Alex smooths out the **VIVIAN** card and puts it back on the board; it's a record of everything, the hits and the misses.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The things she did, the places she went... we still have that. We don't have the name but we've still got two days and it's still her. This is still her.

Alex gestures towards the corkboard. They seem willing to concede it. As they study it--

TYLER

What about the bouncer?

On Alex:

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Olivo heading somewhere, Alex trying to keep up.

ALEX
You what?

DET OLIVO
We let him go. He checked out. No
priors, nothing.

ALEX
But he slept with her--

DET OLIVO
Not a crime. Couldn't hold him.

ALEX
He's dangerous! Ten girls at that
club would have said so!

Finally she turns to him. Angry.

DET OLIVO
You want to start questioning my
judgment, Alex? You want to make
any more suggestions? Because your
last one sent me to Evanston, so I
could flash my badge and look like
an idiot.

ALEX
Hey. We had credit card receipts,
a driver's license... that was an
honest mistake and you know it.

DET OLIVO
Fine. Make a mistake. You can do
that. But my job has rules. It
has laws. You should know that
better than anyone.

ALEX
You could have kept him overnight,
or got a warrant for his place--

DET OLIVO
I'm late for an arraignment. Woman
in Hyde Park shot her ex-husband
three times in the back last night.
And we've got witnesses, and a
murder weapon-- and we've got
names! A real case! Imagine that!

She enters the building and leaves him on the steps. Alex
knows there's some truth in what she says, but he's not
giving up yet. He takes out his phone and makes a call:

ALEX
 (into phone)
 Walter, it's me. Do you have a
 window?

INT. TIP TOP LIQUOR - DAY

Bulletproof glass, wrong side of town. Bouncer Quint finishes paying for a pack of cigarettes and a newspaper and exits.

EXT. TIP TOP LIQUOR - DAY

As he walks down the street, we see Walter's phone company van start up down the block. He follows. Quint walks two blocks... Walter behind. Finally Quint turns down an alley, and as Walter pulls up Quint is GONE.

Walter curses, stops the van, hops out, steps to the head of the alley... where did the guy go? He couldn't just disappear--

SUDDENLY Quint grabs Walter and spins him around, pushing him against the brick wall--

QUINT
 You a cop?

WALTER
 I work for the phone company--

QUINT
 You with those people at the club?

WALTER
 Yes--

Quint PUNCHES him in the face, knocking him to the ground.

QUINT
 I did her once. That's it. She
 was nothing. And if I ever see you
 again, I'll kill you.

Walter nods, getting to his knees, rubbing his cheek. Quint is gone.

INT. CAFE HELENE - DAY

Candace, Tyler, Alex at a booth. They've got some of the files spread on the table in front of them.

ALEX
 Why just become someone else? You
 move here, you're 17 or 18--

CANDACE
 Maybe she didn't know who she was.
 Maybe she was still trying to
 figure it out.

Meanwhile Tyler is sort of half listening... he's found the photo of the tattoo, half-buried under some other stuff. Alex is still pondering.

ALEX
No. Something big must have happened. Her world changed. This was her way of fighting back.

Walter arrives and slides into the booth. He's got a rising bruise on his cheek. He's nonchalant, going with the Badge of Honor approach.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What happened?

WALTER
Hey. It's okay. This is what we do.

TYLER
Get hit in the face?

CANDACE
He's been seriously id-cocked.

The Manager approaches, surprised to see all of them.

MANAGER
You're here.

ALEX
Because she was here.

Manager doesn't get it. Meanwhile Tyler has figured something out. He takes the edge of the sheet, slides it DIRECTLY up to the edge of the tattoo, and begins sketching.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Tyler)
Hello?

TYLER
It's not a word. It's part of an animal.

As Alex, Candace, and the Manager move closer to look: the outline of the bottom half of an ANIMAL is clearly visible... and Tyler has added a rough sketch of the other half...

CUT TO:

"DOE MOMENT"

There's a glimpse of her hair and her cheek, maybe the corner of a smile or laugh...

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
I can make fun of it now, but at the time? When you're 17?
(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Making that choice? Feeling that
 pain? Doing something permanent?*

*And now that we know so much more, we don't just watch her
 wander in a club or down a street-- we stay with her.
 Friends in the room, context of life. She gets that tattoo.*

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It's like the most important thing
 that has ever happened in your
 entire life.*

RESUME:

INT. CAFE HELENE - SAME

The Manager studies it. Stunned.

MANAGER
 I know that picture.

ALEX
 You do?

MANAGER
 The woman who came in, the one who
 got Vivian so upset-- remember how
 I said she had a little boy with
 her? It was on his sweatshirt.
 With a big C around it, like this--

He takes a pen and draws a large C around the animal. They
 look at each other--

TYLER
 It's a mascot.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Linda at her computer, Tyler, Walter, Alex at the dining room
 table, pouring through CLIP ART books, GRAPHIC CATALOGS--

CANDACE
 Here. School ring catalogs.

TYLER
 Why only part of a tattoo? She run
 out of money?

ALEX
 Maybe her parents.

He throws more books onto the table. They keep searching...

WALTER
 She was pretty. I bet she was a
 cheerleader.

CANDACE
That's sexist.

TYLER
Girls on the math team don't get
tattoos on their ankles.

CANDACE
How would you know?
(thinks)
Don't answer that.

LINDA
Got it.

They hurry over to her computer, where the tattoo fragment is
side by side with the image from a high school.

LINDA (CONT'D)
It's a tiger. A Bengal tiger, to
be specific. The ear is different
and the stripes are slightly wider.

Candace has her own computer out, she types something in--

CANDACE
There's 15 high schools with Bengal
mascots in Illinois and Iowa--

LINDA
But only one starts with a C.

Linda has called up a HIGH SCHOOL HOME PAGE. An exact match.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Collins High.

ALEX
Our girl's from Davenport, Iowa.
Three hours from here. We're
close.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. COLLINS HIGH SCHOOL - DAVENPORT - (NEXT) DAY

Outside, lunchtime. STUDENTS around; a large mural that reads HOME OF THE BENGALS. Alex spots a GROUP OF CHEERLEADERS laughing and going about their day and we:

CUT TO:

"DOE MOMENT"

as Alex imagines Highway Jane among them, her face hidden from view by the others, but part of this group, this world...

RESUME:

EXT. COLLINS HIGH SCHOOL

Candace tugs on Alex's arm. He snaps out of it.

CANDACE

Alex.

ALEX

Sorry.

The SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (40s) approaches Alex, trailed by some LOCAL POLICE.

PRINCIPAL

Thanks for the call. The students are ready.

They walk into the school together. Detective Olivo is with them. She and Alex acknowledge each other but it's icy.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A hundred students, hastily assembled. Some of the TEACHERS as well, supervising and shushing. Alex and Olivo on stage.

DET OLIVO

I'm Detective Grace Olivo from Chicago. And I'd like to introduce Alex Donovan, who works with a group called The Identity Network.

No applause or anything, but they are basically paying attention. Alex takes the microphone from Olivo.

ALEX

Thanks.
(to kids)
Hello.

He seems pretty comfortable on stage. Meanwhile Candace has brought up a cardboard box and places it on a table.

ALEX (CONT'D)

So-- there's a girl who went to school here, three years ago. We don't know her name. We don't know exactly how old she is, so we're not exactly sure if she was a junior then, or a senior and she was graduating...

Students fidget: what does this have to do with us?

ALEX (CONT'D)

I know. It sounds crazy. But she ran away to Chicago, someone killed her there. She was strangled, she was left by the side of the road.

Now he has their attention. For better or worse.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Now we know where she's from. We know she's one of you. And we're hoping one of you can tell us exactly who she is.

Alex opens the box and pulls out the facial reconstruction. The students MURMUR -- one part nervous laughter, two parts morbid fascination -- and Candace presses a button on her laptop and the image goes up on two large MONITORS so all the students can see...

DET OLIVO

If anyone has any information--

Suddenly a FEMALE STUDENT bolts from her seat, running back out of the auditorium--

ALEX

Excuse me? Hey!

She doesn't stop. She's out the door, Alex and Candace look at each other and then head for a side exit--

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Alex and Candace into the hallway-- the girl visible at the other end--

CANDACE

Hey! Stop!

She doesn't. She's out the door--

EXT. COLLINS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The girl running across the parking lot... Alex and Candace chasing after her... finally she stops, leaning against a car, collapsing in tears. Alex and Candace reach her.

GIRL

Tracy... that's my sister Tracy...

Alex comforts her. Then he sort of hands her over to Candace and Olivo, keeping some students away-- and then Alex locks eyes with someone:

From a distance a FEMALE TEACHER is staring at him -- 30s with CURLY BROWN HAIR. She looks stricken.

DET OLIVO

Alex let's go.

Alex turns back to Olivo and heads off with her, escorting Amy from the school.

EXT. BENEDICT HOME - DAY

Alex and Olivo approach the front door. Behind we see Candace walking towards the house with sister Amy. Alex knocks. SALLY BENEDICT (40s) answers. Working-class, tired.

ALEX

Mrs. Benedict?

SALLY

Yes?

(sees daughter)

Amy? Are you all right?

She nods but doesn't say anything.

ALEX

My name's Alex Donovan. I'm a former detective with the Chicago Police Department, and now I work with a group called "The Identity Network." This is Detective Grace Olivo from the--

SALLY

Tracy? You found her?

DET OLIVO

Yes.

She doesn't continue. And Sally realizes.

SALLY

Oh God...

She starts to cry, Amy moving to hug her.

ALEX
I'm so sorry.

She nods and invites them inside.

INT. BENEDICT HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is clean, quiet, a sense of absence. Alex and Olivo sit across from Sally.

SALLY
She was a great girl. Honor student, cheerleader, Homecoming Princess. Everything a Mom could hope for. Until Trevor died. About three years ago.

ALEX
Her father?

SALLY
They were very close. She and I got along, but Tracy was Daddy's little girl. He'd been sick. Cancer. But we didn't know how to tell her. She was so busy with school, and activities... before we figured it out, he had a seizure on his way to work. Car accident, he ran off the road. Killed instantly.

DET OLIVO
I'm sorry.

SALLY
She was cutting class, getting a tattoo with a couple of her friends. It wasn't a big deal. Until I had to pull her out and tell her that her father was dead. She ended up with this half finished tiger on her ankle. She wore it like a badge of honor.

Sally remembers the moment with a faint smile.

ALEX
But she was angry.

SALLY
She blamed me. She stopped speaking to me and her sister. Tracy and I had argued about things before, but Trevor was always there to work it out between us. This time there was no one. And a few weeks later she was just gone.

Candace comes downstairs.

CANDACE
Amy's resting.

SALLY
Thank you.
(to Olivo)
I filed a missing persons report
three years ago with the Iowa State
Police. Wouldn't that have somehow
gotten to Chicago?

DET OLIVO
It may have, but with missing
persons, the databases... they
aren't always linked between
different cities or states.

SALLY
Oh.

ALEX
And some of the details were
complicated.

We PAN over to some FAMILY PHOTOS, including a SCHOOL
PORTRAIT-- and Tracy was BLONDE. Alex notes this.

EXT. BENEDICT HOME - DAY

Alex at the front step, saying his goodbyes, some of the
local police staying behind. Sally hands him the school
portrait.

ALEX
Thank you. This will help. And if
you need anything else, please just
call me.

SALLY
Thank you.

Alex turns to go and some of the police follow Sally inside,
matters to attend to, closing the door. There's other police
outside, neighbors peeking out, lots of activity.

Alex begins walking towards Candace-- when he sees Olivo over
by her sedan. She's talking with the woman from the school.
Her name is ZOE. Alex walks over.

DET OLIVO
This is Zoe Franks. She's a
teacher at Collins. She saw Tracy
in the city a few weeks ago.

ALEX
At the diner, right? What
happened?

She's stammers, in a bit of a daze. Alex puts his hand on
her shoulder and steers her away from Olivo.

ZOE
I was there with my husband. We
took our son Nathaniel in to see
the circus.

ALEX
So you weren't in touch with Tracy,
it was just a coincidence?

ZOE
Yes. I mean we're in this
neighborhood, my kid wants pasta
with no sauce and he's gotta pee--

She shakes her head, laughing.

ZOE (CONT'D)
You have kids?

Alex hesitates. A simple question but never a simple answer.

ALEX
Yeah. A daughter.

ZOE
So you know.

He doesn't flinch.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Anyway, Tracy looked so different.
I mean in high school-- that girl
was a bombshell. And smart. Now
with the black everything... I was
shocked.

ALEX
What upset her so much?

Zoe thinks about it.

ZOE
I asked about her Mom. She said
they weren't speaking. She begged
me not to tell her where she was.

Olivo listens from a few feet away, arms crossed.

ZOE (CONT'D)
We talked for half an hour. I told
her-- come home. The bus is 50
dollars. I'll meet you on Sunday
night. You can ride back with us.
I even wrote down what time it
left.

ALEX
7:47 PM.

ZOE
Yes. She said she'd think about it, but she had some loose ends to tie up first.

ALEX
What kind of "loose ends?"

ZOE
I don't know. Maybe it was none of my business, but I wasn't thinking like a teacher, you know?

ALEX
You were thinking like a parent.

ZOE
I should have done more.

ALEX
You tried. That's all you can do.

She's truly broken up. Alex puts a hand on her shoulder but there's nothing more he can say. Olivo watches, begrudgingly impressed... Alex coaxing and comforting with a skill that she lacks.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CORKBOARD

it's Tracy's life, in full-- the people she knew, the places she went, where she was born and where she died. Alex steps forward and attaches the school photo.

INT. LINDA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The team all looking up at the board.

ALEX
"Loose ends." What did Tracy mean?

WALTER
Well she quit her job.

LINDA
No. It has to be more than that.

CANDACE
Tracy became Goth Girl in Chicago. But if she was going home, maybe she needed time to change back.

TYLER
Yeah. She bought the nice blouse.

ALEX
She did. But a loose end isn't a piece of clothing. It's a person.

Alex takes the whole board in. And we follow all we've learned as he narrates--

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Her father dies, she gets half a tattoo, she has a falling out with her family and runs away to Chicago. She has no idea who she is. No idea who she wants to be. That one anchor in her life-- gone.

Alex is looking at the picture of Vivian, the card that says **PURSE STOLEN FEB 07.**

ALEX (CONT'D)
 She goes to the Art Institute one day. A young woman's there, with a different look, a purse left on a bench... she steals it. The name, the look, a face for the world. I'll be her. I'll get a job--

He moves on-- but then stops.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Wait a second.
 (to Tyler)
 Clay. The guy in the apartment building. He said they were cool, right?

TYLER
 Yeah...

ALEX
 But he said six months ago she changed. Dyed hair, the nails--

TYLER
 Right. So?

Alex turns to everyone. Using the board to illustrate:

ALEX
 But Vivian had her purse stolen two years before that. Tracy became Vivian-- she became Goth Girl then.

LINDA
 So why did Clay tell us it happened six months ago?

WALTER
 Because he's lying.

Alex is already out the door--

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Alex and Olivo approach. As Olivo pulls open the front door, Alex grabs it. Olivo turns back towards him.

ALEX
Are we okay here?

DET OLIVO
Sure. We're on the same side, I know that. It's not personal.

ALEX
That's the thing, Grace. For us it is personal.

She gets it. They head inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Olivo knocks on Clay's door. Alex stands behind.

DET OLIVO
Mr. Manning? Chicago Police.

No answer. She knocks again-- CRASH! Something's going on, they look at each other, Olivo doesn't hesitate, she draws her gun and kicks in the door and they are inside--

INT. CLAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A quick look around, starving student chic: hot plate, futon, desk overflowing with books--

ALEX
There!

They look towards the window, it's open, CLATTERING on the fire escape, Alex leans out and sees him nearing the ground--

ALEX (CONT'D)
Freeze! Police!

But Clay doesn't stop, and when Alex feels for a gun of course he doesn't have one--

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Olivo)
Call it in--

As she takes a step back and gets on her phone Alex climbs out onto the

FIRE ESCAPE

and hurries down after him, Clay jumps the last ten feet to the ground and takes off running, Alex halfway down now--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Clay runs down the residential block towards the commercial strip of

ASHLAND AVENUE

and disappears around the corner as Alex reaches the end of the block himself, dodging a car and the HONKING DRIVER--

Clay takes a quick look back, winded now but fueled by adrenaline, sees Alex gaining on him--

He passes the diner where Tracy worked, the pharmacy where she shopped, her haunts in reverse, Alex closing, weaving past a girl on her cellphone, cutting across the street in a slight break in traffic, heading for the

DIVISION EL STATION

and Clay is bounding down the stairs to the platform, about halfway down when Alex tackles him, the two of them tumbling the ten steps to the bottom, Alex landing on top and pinning him there.

ALEX

Late for class?

Olivo close behind, she reaches them-- behind her two SQUAD CARS with gumballs flashing slam to a stop on the street--

DET OLIVO

You probably shouldn't be doing that whole "Freeze Police" thing anymore...

ALEX

I'll make a note of it.

CLAY

(to Alex)

You're not a cop?

DET OLIVO

No. But I am.

Olivo puts her knee in Clay's back and cuffs him. As Clay grimaces...

TRACY (V.O.)

He said he didn't do it. He said he barely knew me. At first.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - (NEXT) MORNING

Olivo and another DETECTIVE interrogate Clay. He sits with arms folded. Alex watches from another room.

TRACY (V.O.)
*But even though the apartment was
 clean, denial only gets you so
 far...*

INT. FACULTY BUILDING - UNIVERSITY - DAY

Two DETECTIVES coming out of the building carrying boxes of evidence, including a worn SMALL BLACK SUITCASE:

TRACY (V.O.)
*When they found my bag in his
 campus locker...*

INT. FORENSIC LAB - CHICAGO PD - DAY

They're going through his car. A LAB TECH holds up a sliver on a pair of tweezers... it looks black in the light...

TRACY (V.O.)
*...and fragments of my nail polish
 on his clothes and in the passenger
 seat of his car...*

EXT. ACCESS ROAD GAS STATION - NIGHT

Candace hands out flyers as people stop for gas, come in and come out. Walter watches from across the street. It's rote and robotic until a BUSINESSMAN stops...

TRACY (V.O.)
*...and someone saw him. At the gas
 station. Just moments before he
 murdered me.*

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

All of this has been presented to Clay.

TRACY (V.O.)
*And now they're gonna fry the
 bastard.*

They've got him... and he's smart enough to know it. He breaks down crying. And as starts to talk, Tracy tells us their story:

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*We met at Cafe Helene. I was
 working. He was studying. Day
 after day... a smile becomes a
 word, a word becomes a
 conversation... he flattered me.
 He adored me. He said he'd never
 met anyone like me.*

(MORE)

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And what did I see in him? He was
 smart. Caring. Most Likely To
 Succeed.*

Olivo listens, unmoved. She slides a sheet of paper and a pen across to him.

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I saw myself.

And as Clay begins to write we:

CUT TO:

"DOE MOMENT"

*our final one, where dreamy snippets become fleshed out
 reality and we'll see the whole picture for the first time...*

*And we're back at the GAS STATION as Tracy sits in the
 passenger seat, drumming her fingernails...*

TRACY (V.O.)
*Eventually I realized it. I told
 him how I'd seen an old friend and
 now I knew it was time for Vivian
 to say goodbye. Not just to him,
 but to everyone. He said he
 understood and I believed him. I
 wanted to believe him.*

*And we pull back and see Tracy's face IN FULL for the first
 time... so beautiful, as we'd guessed... And she smiles, as
 Clay returns to the car...*

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But he lied. Nothing I said
 mattered. He wasn't taking me
 home. We were together six
 months... but he knew from the
 beginning he would never let me go.*

They pull out of the gas station...

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He took my life. He took my name.

*And as they head to the access road she looks out the window,
 not noticing that Clay is looking at her with longing and
 lust and simmering rage that fuel the crime he is about to
 commit...*

RESUME:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT

As Clay is cuffed and led away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAVENPORT - DAY

The graveside ceremony for Tracy is underway. A large crowd, including Zoe and her family and many from the school. She was loved.

TRACY (V.O.)
My name is Tracy Benedict.

Alex stands with a somber Candace, Walter, and Tyler. Detective Olivo is there as well, along with a few COLLEAGUES from the city.

TRACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And these are the people who gave
it back to me.*

LATER

the funeral is over. As the crowd starts to separate, Alex has a moment with Olivo as they walk.

ALEX
I heard you made him cry.

DET OLIVO
Not the first time.

ALEX
Congratulations.

DET OLIVO
Thanks.

It seems patched up between them. Olivo looks over at Candace, Tyler, Walter.

DET OLIVO (CONT'D)
Where's Linda?

ALEX
She couldn't get away.

DET OLIVO
Oh. So. Are you and her--

ALEX
--working together? Yeah.

ANGLE - CANDACE AND TYLER

as they walk away. Tyler notices Walter, speaking with a couple of STRANGERS, action sequence gesturing...

TYLER
What's he doing?

CANDACE
Exaggerating his role.

Tyler laughs. Candace studies him.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
You look handsome.

TYLER
Thanks. This is my courtroom suit.

He smiles, a little bashful. Looks out at crowd.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Courtrooms and funerals...

CANDACE
Get used to it.

ANGLE - GRAVESTONE

as Sally stands by her daughter's marker. Alex approaches. She sees him.

SALLY
I hear they caught the guy.

ALEX
Yeah. He confessed.

She nods, accepting this.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I know you think she never forgave you. But you should know there's a bus from the city that comes in a little before eight. I think Tracy was planning to be on it.

Sally's eyes widen at the unexpected news.

SALLY
After all of this... sometimes I wonder if you know my daughter better than I do.

Alex smiles and shakes his head.

ALEX
She's yours. Not mine.

Sally nods. And turns back to the marker.

SALLY
When I sleep tonight, for the first time in a long time, I won't worry. I'll grieve, but I won't worry. Thank you for bringing my daughter back.

ALEX
It wasn't just me. A lot of people helped.

SALLY
Are they here? With you?

ALEX
They're everywhere.

Alex smiles at her. They part ways, it's time to go.

Alex rejoins the others and takes a final look back, leaving Tracy behind, knowing she's home, at rest and at peace, a job well done as we PULL AWAY.